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SUMMER SONGS.

I.

CLEAR and sunny are the heavens,
And the wind blows fresh and free:
Sing, oh, sing a song of summer!
Begs the pale-faced child of me.

Take me out into the garden,
To the valley, there to pull,
For my wreath, the valley flowers
That are large and beautiful!

Child, my harp-strings all are broken,
So the harp was put away,
And my hand has quite forgotten
How to play!

And my heart has quite forgotten
How to waken and be glad:
Autumn, winter, spring and summer,
It is sad!

2.

In the fields and in the gardens
Merry voices, hark, are singing,
And the wavelets blue and sparkling
To the breeze their foam are flinging.

O'er the gardens, o'er the meadows,
In a wreath of tender oats,
Knowing not of care and sorrow,
See, the golden summer floats!

Summer birds from out the gardens,
Honey bees for treasure prying,
On his raven locks are settling,
Round him chirping, buzzing, flying.

From the fanning, from the beating
Of his great brown wings there flow
Warm, sweet airs, that fly and flutter
O'er the limpid waters low,

Where the green and leafy garlands,
Rustling, all the trees adorn,
And across the open meadows,
And the waving ears of corn :

Golden heads together laying,
Hark, they whisper and they hum :
When, oh, when (the corn is saying)
Think you, will the reapers come ?

And the reapers, see, they hasten :
Sickles ring and flash and glisten—
To the sound of merry voices
Once again I stand and listen.

Down the valleys they are singing,
They are singing o'er the plain,
And the old, unconquered sadness
Rises in my heart again.

AUTUMN SONGS.

I.

How wet and gloomy lies the wood,
Of all its flow'rs how stript and shorn !
One scanty handful, see, I bring,
Tho' I have wandered there since morn.

Poor, dwindled things, some dark with frost,
And others drenched and spoilt with showers.
Beside whose grave-stone shall I lay
The last remaining wreath of flowers ?